

IT CAN BE DONE"



A CLASS PLAY

BY

JOSEPH A. FELDHAKE

Author of

"Bobby What's-His-Name"

Joseph A. Feldhake, Publisher, 328 N. Third St., Effingham, Ill.

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A Play in Two Acts, Intro-
ducing Specialties and a

STYLE SHOW

BY
JOSEPH A. FELDHAKE,
AUTHOR OF
"BOBBY-WHAT'S-HIS-NAME"

PRICE 50c.

JOSEPH A. FELDHAKE, AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER,
EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS

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CHARACTERS:

EXPERIENCE	<i>He Knows</i>
EVERYONE	<i>He Learns</i>
AMBITION	<i>He Tells You</i>
POPULARITY	<i>He's It</i>
PROCRASTINATION	<i>He Should Worry</i>
PLEASURE	<i>She Has Fun</i>
SUCCESS	<i>She's Desirable</i>
THE ENTERTAINERS	<i>They Please You</i>
THE STYLE GIRLS	<i>They Show You</i>



STAGE DIRECTIONS

Up stage means away from footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

"IT CAN BE DONE"

ACT ONE

SCENE—Full stage, an interior. Style of furniture is immaterial, but the stage should be made attractive with decorations, flowers, plants, etc.

Downstage, right, there is a typewriter desk or small table, on which there is a typewriter (one of the "noiseless" or "silent" kinds), some books, and a stack of writing paper of at least one thousand sheets. The paper is at left of typewriter, when facing audience. There is a chair at back of desk, and one at left of desk. Downstage, left, there is a player piano. There are more chairs and other furniture at back of stage and along the sides, including a settee which will seat two people only. All stage lights and house lights on.

At rise of curtain enter Experience, who is tall, and quiet and dignified in action. If necessary, this character can be represented by an older person, one of the teachers, for instance. He takes his position downstage, center, and waits until audience is quiet.

EXPERIENCE—Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to make a short announcement before proceeding with our entertainment. (Pause) As you have observed from the printed program, the characters of the play are allegoric. Ambition, Experience, Popularity, Procrastination, Success, and Pleasure will be represented by the various players. In everyday life our character is more or less molded by these and other abstract qualities or virtues, and likewise, tonight these personified qualities will endeavor to exert their influence on the lives of all of us here. You are all, therefore, a part of this play, although your names do not appear on the program. However, I will not ask all of you to come up here on the stage, but will appoint some-

one to personate the audience. He will be known as Everyone. All I ask is that he will come up on the stage, now, and we will presume that without previous instruction as to what is expected of him, he will allow the characters of the play to sway or direct his course of action. Experience will remain with him, to whom he can turn for advice or counsel. Is there anyone here who will volunteer to come up on this stage and represent the audience in the play? *(Pause)* If there is a man or woman present who has cherished a secret ambition to appear before the footlights, here is the opportunity. *(Pause)* If no one volunteers I shall have to appoint some person from the audience. *(Locating the young man who plays Everyone)* Mr. Smith, I will ask you to represent the audience in this play. Will you kindly come up here on the stage?

(Everyone is a bright young man, of good appearance. He need not be an orator, but must have a good voice and memory. He occupies an aisle seat, about the center of the house.)

EVERYONE—I'd rather be excused, please.

EXPERIENCE—Come on, John *(or whatever his name is)*. This will not be difficult for you.

EVERYONE—What am I supposed to do?

EXPERIENCE—Whatever you please. The characters in the play take the initiative. You merely follow their lead as the mood moves you.

EVERYONE—Get someone else, please. I am not in a receptive mood this evening, and might ruin the play.

EXPERIENCE—Don't worry. We will take the responsibility. Come on.

EVERYONE—Well, all right. *(Walks down aisle.)*

EXPERIENCE—Thank you. Come up the steps, please. *(Steps are placed in front of stage, center. Everyone takes his place at the side of Experience, smiling in an embarrassed manner. House lights off.)*

EVERYONE—Now what?

EXPERIENCE—*(Turning Everyone about so he faces*

audience) You are now a representative of this audience, and will be known by the name of Everyone.

EVERYONE—All right, what next?

EXPERIENCE—Don't become impatient. Ambition will be here in a moment to talk to you.

EVERYONE—*Someone* will have to do the talking, because I am not going to do much of it.

EXPERIENCE—That will be satisfactory.

EVERYONE—Is this an office, or a parlor, or what?

EXPERIENCE—This stage represents any place—our town, or any other village or city in the United States. (*Walks to desk*) This stack of paper on the desk represents Opportunity, of which there are many anywhere you go in this glorious country of ours. Do you understand?

EVERYONE—I guess so. This stage is wherever I happen to live, and this stack of paper is an opportunity which a person is supposed to grasp if he wishes to get ahead in the world and own a Tin Lizzie some day.

EXPERIENCE—(*Smiles*) Exactly.

EVERYONE—And the typewriter?

EXPERIENCE—Is work, by means of which one makes the most of opportunity.

EVERYONE—(*Nods head wisely*) Aha, I see. Now I know what you got me up here for. Here is opportunity presenting itself. I grasp the opportunity, and by hard work—on that typewriter—win success.

EXPERIENCE—You have the idea.

EVERYONE—Is that what you want me to do, run that typewriter?

EXPERIENCE—Not unless you wish to run the typewriter. Anything you do here is done voluntarily.

EVERYONE—Well—(*Hesitates*) Any objection if I sit down?

EXPERIENCE—Certainly not. Make yourself comfortable.

EVERYONE—(*Sits in chair left of desk*) You said before that Experience will be here to advise me.

EXPERIENCE—I am Experience.

EVERYONE—You are? Fine. I am glad to hear *that*. You'll stick by me, will you?

EXPERIENCE—I will always be within call. (*Looks left*) Here comes Ambition. Pay close attention to what he says. (*Offers hand*) Good luck to you.

EVERYONE—(*Rises hurriedly*) Say, wait. Where are you going?

EXPERIENCE—Not far. However, I have nothing more to do with the story unless you call for me. The other characters will now take the stage. So (*again offers hand*) good luck to you.

EVERYONE—(*Shakes half-heartedly*) Well, I guess I'm in for it. So long. (*Sits in chair.*)

(*Experience takes his position a few feet back and to one side of Everyone, standing quietly with arms folded.*)

(*Enter Ambition briskly from left. He should be robust, full of pep, convincing, and somewhat of an orator.*)

AMBITION—(*Pauses as he observes Everyone*) How do you do? (*Advances with outstretched hand*) I am Ambition.

EVERYONE—(*Rises and shakes hands*) Glad to know you. I am Everyone. (*Sits down.*)

AMBITION—I have frequently heard of you. If I may ask, what are you doing here?

EVERYONE—Me? Oh, just sitting here.

AMBITION—(*Meaningly*) A hen can sit still and earn a living, but a man can't.

EVERYONE—Who wants to be a hen?

AMBITION—A hen is at least doing something besides just sitting.

EVERYONE—Must a person *always* be in action?

AMBITION—Bicycles and men fall the moment they cease moving.

EVERYONE—There is no harm in lying back and relaxing occasionally, is there?

AMBITION—The first external indication of dryrot in a man is a tendency to shirk and lounge. Laziness grows on people. It begins like a cobweb and ends in iron

chains. A lazy man is of no more use than a dead one—and takes up more room.

EVERYONE—(*Defensively*) One reason I am not doing anything just at this moment is that there is no necessity for it.

AMBITION—Don't wait for *necessity* to crank you—be a self-starter.

EVERYONE—I'll get along all right. I am satisfied. I am content.

AMBITION—The people who are always content are merely those who don't know any better.

EVERYONE—Just why should I hustle around and do something? What would be the object?

AMBITION—To enable you to win Success.

EVERYONE—Oh, I can win Success any time. There's no hurry. Some of these days I'll start something.

AMBITION—Many a fails to get anywhere because he never quite gets ready to start.

EVERYONE—(*Turns to Experience*) What do you say, Experience?

EXPERIENCE—There is no time like the present.

AMBITION—(*Forcibly*) No, there is no time *but* the present.

EVERYONE—(*Speculatively fingering writing paper on desk*) Something will turn up some day, I guess.

AMBITION—A foolish thought, that by and by something will turn up by which you will suddenly achieve fame and fortune. Trusting to luck. A *pound* of pluck is worth a *ton* of luck. Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Success is not worth the having unless you fight for her.

EVERYONE—Is Success so wonderful that she is worth fighting for?

AMBITION—Worth fighting for? You evidently have never met Success.

EVERYONE—No, can't say that I have?

AMBITION—Success is the prettiest, and in every way, by far, the most desirable young lady I know. She is sweet, she is winning, she is charming. She has many admirers. But to win her, one must not only work, but work hard. It does not benefit a man that he has wealth, or that he has a pull, or good family connections. In this country, the boy of poor and unknown parentage, has an equal chance with the more favored sons. There is no taking a taxi to win Success—you have to walk, and in many instances the going is uphill and rocky. But, take my word for it, Success is worthy of any sacrifice or effort you might make.

EVERYONE—(*Stands up.*) I am getting interested. (*To Experience.*) Experience, what do you say?

EXPERIENCE—I will show you. (*Takes a photograph of a pretty young lady from his pocket and hands it to Everyone.*)

EVERYONE—(*Admiringly*) What a beautiful girl. She is *sure* pretty. Where did you get this? Where does she live? Who is she?

EXPERIENCE—(*Smiling wisely*) The original of that photograph is—Success.

EVERYONE—(*Astonished*) Success? Is Success this charming little girl? You're not in earnest.

EXPERIENCE—I am in earnest, and I am in a position to know. That is Success.

EVERYONE—Why, I had no idea—I always thought—no wonder some people strive so hard to win Success. I don't blame them.

AMBITION—Now, is Success worth fighting for?

EVERYONE—(*Still admiring photograph*) I'll say she is. (*To Experience*). Can I keep this photo?

EXPERIENCE—Certainly.

EVERYONE—(*Placing photograph in inside coat pocket*) Now, how will I go about it to make the acquaintance of that charming Miss?

AMBITION—You will meet Success, and you can win

her if you will choose a certain line of endeavor and then work everlastingly at it.

EVERYONE—Work?

AMBITION—Yes, work. She can be won by hard work.

EVERYONE—(*Hurriedly taking a look at the photograph*) Work? (*As if that was nothing*) If that's all that is required, lead me to it quick. (*Goes to desk*) Why, here is my opportunity now (*hand on typewriter*) and the means to make the most of it. Experience, have I the means here to win that young lady?

EXPERIENCE—(*Smiles*) You have.

EVERYONE—(*Quickly takes cover off machine and seats himself in chair back of desk*) I never felt so much like working in all my life. (*Adjusts typewriter.*)

AMBITION—In the right work, one should find true happiness. Work is a blessing—not a sentence imposed by fate.

EVERYONE—I believe everything you say. If I was a Thomas Edison I'd work twenty hours a day at this job.

AMBITION—Edison is getting old, and claims he no longer works hard—putting in only an average of fifteen hours a day. The average man, too, works at something, reading, writing, studying, walking or thinking, for at least fifteen hours a day, but he scatters his energy in the various tasks. Mr. Edison concentrates on one task, which accounts for his successful career. The average man is like a shotgun. He scatters too much.

EVERYONE—No shotgun for me any more. (*Placing sheet of paper in machine.*) But what if I should fail to do this work properly, or fail to finish it?

AMBITION—The only man who has failed is the man who believes it. One thing is sure—the man who makes up his mind to do or die—generally does.

EVERYONE—I'll *not* fail. Nothing can stop me. I can put this across, and *I will*.

AMBITION—Why of course you can. All you need is self-confidence and enthusiasm. No fame—no name has ever been gained except through belief, backed by that

wholehearted, earnest effort which makes long hours pass quickly and hard work a pleasure. (*Ambition is now facing audience.*) Unless you have, first and last, an abiding faith in your project and in your ability—you cannot successfully carry it out. Enthusiasm and self-confidence carries you forward with a rush, overcomes obstacles, surmounts difficulties, beats down opposition, and gains your goal—Success.

EVERYONE—(*Stands up suddenly, jerks off coat and hangs it on back of his chair.*) Success is already mine. It is all over but the shouting.

AMBITION—Enthusiasm! On the baseball field, the battle front, or in the busy ways of trade and industry—it's all the same. Plaudits and reward are for the fellow who goes at it heart and soul. And then have faith. Men are made, and they rise to heights little dreamed of in former years, largely because they believe and have faith. Faith is no one performer by any means. A thousand times a thousand it has lifted the frail and faltering feet of men and women to the next step higher—and then still higher. If you hold the opinion that you will never fail, or side-step, or falter—that is the decision that will surely prevail against every odd of time or circumstance. (*Exits briskly left.*)

(*Everyone, who has remained standing, with his shoulders back, head up, and his eyes on Ambition, holds this position for a moment. Then he rolls up his sleeves, seats himself resolutely and types rapidly. He copies from a large book on the desk. What he writes is immaterial, has nothing to do with the play, but is merely symbolical of Work.*)

(*After a short pause enter Procrastination from right upper entrance. He is a careless, shiftless, lazy, but good-natured type, dressed accordingly. He shuffles across to piano stool, seats himself, yawns and stretches. Places cigarette between his lips, and after repeated unsuccessful attempts to strike a match on his trousers leg, he glances at it, then angrily throws it to the floor. The match, which*

is really a six-penny nail, must be thrown where it will strike the bare floor so audience will know it was a nail. The next match he carelessly strikes against the piano, against a piece of sandpaper which had previously been placed there for that purpose. After a few puffs he rises, hitches up his trousers and shuffles across stage, sinking in chair at left of desk. Experience, who occupies a chair up stage right, is reading a book. Everyone is typing rapidly. Procrastination watches him with astonishment.)

PROCRASTINATION—(As Everyone removes sheet and places it at right of typewriter.) Hello, what's the big idea?

EVERYONE—(Without looking at him.) Go away. Don't bother me. (Inserts sheet in typewriter.)

PROCRASTINATION—Aw, c'mon, be sociable, can't you?

EVERYONE—This is my busy day.

PROCRASTINATION—(At end of line.) Are you working on a bet or something?

EVERYONE—I am doing this because I like it.

PROCRASTINATION—Ye gods, he says he likes it. Dollars to doughnuts, there's a woman at the bottom of this. (Everyone types a line. At end of line) Say buddy, you're not going to a fire. You're not the fire department.

EVERYONE—(Looks him over.) Beg pardon, but what did they name you when you were a baby?

PROCRASTINATION—They call me Procrastination.

EVERYONE—I've heard of you. Well, I'm sorry, but I haven't got time to talk to you today. (Types a line.)

PROCRASTINATION—(At end of line) Take time. I always have plenty of it.

EVERYONE—I could use more time, but I don't care to follow your method of getting it.

PROCRASTINATION—Whadayoumean?

EVERYONE—I have heard it stated that Procrastination is the thief of time.

PROCRASTINATION—Aw, forget it, forget it. (Everyone types a line. At end of line.) You can't believe everything

you hear. Say, buddy, what's the big idea? Come, tell your papa all about it.

EVERYONE—(*Impatiently*) Well, since you insist, there is a certain something that I have set my heart on getting, but it takes a lot of hard work, you understand, but the opportunity presented itself, so I am making the most of the opportunity by working hard at it, and the sooner I finish the job, why! the sooner—ah—the sooner it's done, you understand, and—and—that's the situation in a *nutshell*.

PROCRASTINATION—Great scott, *what a nut!*

EVERYONE—So, under the circumstances, I'll ask you to excuse me.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Stops Everyone as he is about to type a line.*) What's your hurry? You're young. There's plenty of time. It's a fine day. The sun is shining. And say, if you hurry you can get to the ball grounds in time for the game.

EVERYONE—Game? What game?

PROCRASTINATION—He asks me *what* game? Here you, Rip Van Winkle, wake up. Get the right wave length and harken. Today the New York Yankees, having an open date, are playing an exhibition game with our home boys, and the great and mighty Babe Ruth will positively be in the line-up. And you ask me *what* game?

EVERYONE—(*Interested.*) Is that so. I didn't know anything about it. Are you sure Babe Ruth will play?

PROCRASTINATION—Positively. I saw him in his uniform, going out to the ball park, a half an hour ago. Come on. We can just make it. (*Experience rises, awaiting the outcome.*)

EVERYONE—By jove, this may be my only chance of ever seeing a big league team in action. (*Slowly rolling down sleeves.*) I guess it will do no harm to let this job rest for a couple of hours.

PROCRASTINATION—It will do you good to get out. You'd get stale if you stuck to this job too close. A fellow

needs recreation occasionally. You'll feel more like working when you get back.

EVERYONE—There's some truth in what you say.
(*Rises and reaches for coat.*)

PROCRASTINATION—By the way, what was this certain something you said you had set your heart on getting?

(*Everyone, facing audience, stops suddenly with his coat half on. He reaches in coat pocket, takes out photograph, regards it a moment, then replaces the photograph, sighs, hangs the coat on back of chair, sits down and resumes typing. Experience nods his head in satisfaction and smiles. Procrastination registers bewildered astonishment.*)

PROCRASTINATION—(*At end of line.*) Why—what about the ball game?

EVERYONE—The ball game is scratched.

PROCRASTINATION—(*At end of line.*) Say, how does a fellow get that way?

EVERYONE—Ask Experience. He is partly the cause of it.

PROCRASTINATION—Have you been listening to that old croaker? He's a joke. I never pay any attention to him. Times change. A person does not have to keep his nose to the grindstone nowadays to get along. Enjoy yourself while you are young.

EVERYONE—I *am* enjoying myself. Ambition has convinced me that work is a pleasure.

PROCRASTINATION—Aha. So Ambition has got you in his clutches, has he? He knows *better* than to bother me. Always wants a fellow to work, work, work—and for what? To win Success, whom I have never seen. I'll bet that this little French girl, Pleasure, has Success faded to a standstill.

EVERYONE—Are you acquainted with Pleasure?

PROCRASTINATION—Am I? Oh, boy! That pert little French maid, with her cute little French accent, and her dashing little French manner, has got me running around in circles. Some chicken, believe me. Hot dog!

EVERYONE—(*Types a line, then*) I wouldn't mind meeting Pleasure some time.

PROCRASTINATION—Too late, buddy. It wouldn't do you a bit of good. I saw her first. (*Turns to Experience*) You don't approve of that little French girl, do you old weisenheimer?

EXPERIENCE—(*Smiles*) She's all right if a person does not permit her to take up too much of his time.

PROCRASTINATION—She can't take up too much of my time. I have unlimited leisure.

EXPERIENCE—If you would look around you no doubt would find better ways of utilizing some of your unlimited leisure.

PROCRASTINATION—I don't look around for nothing. I believe in following the lines of least resistance.

EXPERIENCE—Following the lines of least resistance is what makes rivers crooked—and men too.

PROCRASTINATION—Of course you would have to pull some wise crack like that.

EXPERIENCE—And it doesn't pay to be crooked—look at the corkscrews out of a job.

PROCRASTINATION—Some are still working on the q. t. (*Turning to Everyone*) Well, are you going to the ball game or not?

EVERYONE—I am *not* going. (*Types a line.*)

PROCRASTINATION—(*At end of line, trying once more.*) The Style Girls will all be there. Come on, see a good game, meet some nice people, have a good time, and feel more like working in the morning.

EVERYONE—I feel like working *right now*. (*Types a line. Procrastination throws up hands in surrender, and goes to left entrance.*)

PROCRASTINATION—(*At end of line.*) I give up. No shells were ever cracked by arguing with a nut. (*Exit.*)

(*Everyone types furiously to make up for lost time. Enter Popularity from back of house, down center aisle to stage. He is a loud, jolly hale-fellow well-met character. He starts talking loudly when about center of house, and*

keeps it up as he rapidly advances and ascends steps to stage. Everyone stops in the center of a line and wears a startled expression as he observes the approach of Popularity.)

POPULARITY—Hello, up there. I've been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been keeping yourself?

EVERYONE—For Pete's sake, what's coming now?

POPULARITY—Well, well, well! What are you doing for yourself? How are you, anyway? (*Advances with outstretched hand.*)

EVERYONE—(*Arises and stammers*) Why,—I—you—I am glad to see you, I am sure—

POPULARITY—(*Shaking hands heartily*) Right back at you. How's the boy?

EVERYONE—All right, I guess. How is it with you?

POPULARITY—Bully.

EVERYONE—That's good.

POPULARITY—Yes, I was elected president of our chamber of commerce last night, and feel rather elated. Of course, it will mean extra work, as I will be called on now more frequently to make a talk at banquets, meetings, and so forth. The job will take a lot of my time, and will be especially hard on me because of the numerous other offices of various kinds that I hold. But it pays.

EVERYONE—I suppose the salary that is connected with—

POPULARITY—(*Interrupting*) Salary? Nothing of the kind. There is honor and glory, but no salary. However, by being actively interested in the various societies and organizations, especially if one is at the head of things, a person becomes known, gains publicity, meets influential people, and in that way betters his chances of getting along in the world.

EVERYONE—I beg your pardon, but if you mentioned your name before, I failed to catch it.

POPULARITY—I am known as Popularity. And you are Everyone.

EVERYONE—Yes. I was not aware that you knew me.

POPULARITY—(*Slapping Everyone on the shoulder*) My dear boy, I make it my business to know everybody, and usually call them by their first names. It pays. I see you have taken up a line of work. What is your goal?

EVERYONE—I am doing this in an effort to win Success.

POPULARITY—Fine. Great. Good luck to you. It is fortunate I happened along. I will assist you.

EVERYONE—Your assistance will be appreciated.

POPULARITY—I can tell you exactly how to win Success. The line of work you are doing is all right as far as it goes, but you must manage to meet people who are influential, or who will some day be influential. Make as many friends as possible. It pays.

EVERYONE—It takes up a lot of a person's time, as you said before.

POPULARITY—Time well spent, believe me. Join the various organizations, societies and lodges, be an active member, be a good fellow, and you will be surprised how easy it is to get an office of some kind, be placed on committees, and so forth. People will become better acquainted with you, they will like you, and their influence and their friendship will help you win Success.

EVERYONE—But Experience and Ambition both say that the way to win Success is to select a certain line of endeavor and then work everlastingly at it.

POPULARITY—They don't mean that you should drop everything else. You must have some relaxation, and what better way to relax than to become interested in the various organizations and societies. By the way, I have just the thing to assist you to become better known. Our annual Town Boosters Banquet will be held next Tuesday night. Everybody worth while will be there—the most progressive business men, professional men, and farmers of this community. There is room on the program for one more speaker. I select you.

EVERYONE—Me? I am not well enough known.

POPULARITY—Making speeches is one of the ways to become well known.

EVERYONE—I was never so busy—and then in addition prepare a speech—(*as if it were impossible.*)

POPULARITY—Preparing a speech will take but little of your time.

EVERYONE—To prepare a suitable talk for an occasion of that kind will take practically *all* of *my* time. I can't afford to neglect this work I have started.

POPULARITY—You cannot afford to miss this opportunity for making friends. There will be many up-and-coming young men at the banquet—perhaps a future congressman, or senator, or judge, and who knows—a future governor. There will be young men present who might some day be at the head of big enterprises. Their influence ten or fifteen years from now will be invaluable.

EVERYONE—(*Doubtfully.*) I guess you're right.

POPULARITY—Absolutely.

EVERYONE—I haven't the least idea what to say.

POPULARITY—Easiest thing in the world. (*Taking newspaper clippings from pocket*) You should be prepared. See here, are clippings of a number of addresses delivered on similar occasions in other cities at various times. Take them. Use a little from each, change them to suit, mix in a few new stories, and there you are.

EVERYONE—(*Takes clippings*) Well, I'll try it.

POPULARITY—(*Slapping him on shoulder*) Attaboy. You will never regret it. (*Looks at watch.*) Got to be going. Late now. Have a meeting to attend this afternoon, and toastmaster at a dinner tonight. No. (*Takes out notebook*) no, the dinner is tomorrow night. Let's see. Oh yes, at eight o'clock tonight one of the judges at the baby show to be given by the Women's Better Baby Contest. So long. (*Shake hands.*) If I see Success I will put in a good word for you.

EVERYONE—(*Hurriedly*) Do you know Success well?

POPULARITY—(*Hesitates*) In a way—yes. I have met her. Get a glimpse of her occasionally. I am very much interested in her, but my various duties keep me so busy that I have been unable to cultivate her acquaintance.

(*Pulls tickets out of pocket*) By the way, can I sell you a ticket to the American Legion ball to be held next (*consults note book*) let's see, next Wednesday night? I am on the arrangements committee, and am also assisting the boys to dispose of the tickets. One dollar.

EVERYONE—(*Exchanges one dollar for ticket*) I can't come, but will take a ticket.

POPULARITY—Come by all means. Makes you solid with the Legion boys. It pays. Well, if I should happen to meet Success, I'll put in a good word for you. (*He hurriedly exits down steps and up the aisle.*)

EVERYONE—Thank you for your assistance.

POPULARITY—(*Replies over his shoulder as he exits*) Glad to do that much for you. No trouble at all. Don't work too hard.

(*Enter Pleasure from right. She is a dashing little French maid. She stops as she sees Everyone, then walks down to his desk and examines typewriter. Everyone, who has paused to examine newspaper clippings, now turns toward desk, but stops when he sees Pleasure.*)

PLEASURE—Ah, beg pardon. You work here?

EVERYONE—Yes, if you please. (*She moves to center, while he goes to desk and stands irresolute.*)

PLEASURE—Oh, don't mind me. I onlee look around. (*She does so. Everyone seats himself at desk.*)

EVERYONE—(*Embarrassed*) You will excuse me, I hope. I have some important work to get out.

PLEASURE—Oh, surelee. (*Comes to desk. Commiserating*) Poor boy. Haf to work so hard.

EVERYONE—I don't mind it.

PLEASURE—I stay here wiz you, eh, what? So you don't get lonelee. What is your name?

EVERYONE—I am Everyone.

PLEASURE—Oh, how nice. I am Pleazeur. I play wiz you.

EVERYONE—(*Embarrassed*) Some other time, perhaps. Just now, I am very busy.

PLEASURE—*Busee?* Tell me, why you work so hard?

EVERYONE—To win Success.

PLEASURE—Oh, you wish to win Success, eh, what? I help you. But you mus' not work too hard. You mus' haf some fun, or you get so sour zat Success no like you. You mus' let me entertain you.

EVERYONE—(*Hesitating*) Really, I—

PLEASURE—Please, or I become desolate wiz grief. Now today we haf some music, some songs, somezing funee, too. We come here and use ze piano, what? Not long, just a few minutes, zen you can work again to win Success. Ah, Success (*kisses her finger tips*), she is so charming, so beautiful, so lovelee. Wait, I help you.

EVERYONE—You can come if you don't bother me.

PLEASURE—No bozzer at all. You keep right on working. Zey come here and play, but you need not look. Just a few minutes. But tomorrow, I haf somezing else.

EVERYONE—Tomorrow, too?

PLEASURE—Ah, wait, you see. You will like it very much. Ze Style Girls, wiz lovelee new frocks. Such prettee costumes I show you. You will be deelighted.

EVERYONE—I am more interested in getting this job finished.

PLEASURE—Oh, don't you wish to meet my friends? We jus' play here a little while. You zink more of your work zan of Pleasure.

EVERYONE—I don't dislike you, but—

PLEASURE—(*Stands very close to him, coaxing*) Ah, zen to please me you will let us play here?

EVERYONE—Well, all right.

PLEASURE—And tomorrow, we have ze style show. Such charming dresses, such prettee frocks, (*or coats, etc.*) such darling girls. When you will see what you see, you will zank me. But now we first have some entertainment. First a prettee song by Miss So-and-so.

(*A few specialties are introduced here, lasting not less than thirty minutes. Pleasure introduces the different acts, and during the act remains near Everyone. He attempts to do some work, but finds it difficult of accomplish-*

ment. He runs the typewriter only when it does not interfere with the performance. He can between times examine his manuscript, making marginal notes with pencil, but occasionally allows his attention to stray to the performance, or to Pleasure, who off and on converses with him silently. The following will give you an idea how to arrange your program. Use the talent you have in your own way. Experience may leave stage during program.)

PLEASURE—(At conclusion of song and encore) Now, was not zat song sweet?

EVERYONE—Yes, I liked it.

PLEASURE—See, what I tell you? Next, one of my boys, he give a funee monologue.

(Monologue or recitation.)

PLEASURE—How you like him, what?

EVERYONE—Not so bad.

PLEASURE—How you like some dancing now? A solo dance by one of my girls. Wait, you see.

(Solo dance and encore.)

PLEASURE—Now, how you like him? Was zat not cute?

EVERYONE—I could stand more of that.

PLEASURE—No, zat is enough. Next comes some fine music by our orchestra. Such exquisite harmony ze make.

(Selection by orchestra or string quartette.)

PLEASURE—Now we haf somezing comical by some of my boys. Such fine boys ze are. They will gif minstrel show.

(Procure one or two of the rolls that contain a complete minstrel first-part, abbreviated, consisting of negro melodies and songs that were popular ten or fifteen years ago, solo and quartette, interspersed with jokes and dancing. The interlocutor takes the piano, while the four or more boys go through the performance as printed on the roll. This number will be more effective if the performers appear in black-face. If your dealer cannot furnish these rolls, write to author for name and address of dealer who

will send them to you. The rolls, on which are printed the words of the songs, and with which is included a book of jokes, cost \$1.00 each.)

(Five or six performers can put on a good program, or you may utilize fifty or more by chorus work. Your program can consist of popular selections, or you may give selections from grand opera. Do not hesitate to go outside of the class for exceptionally good talent, whose names on your program will increase the attendance.)

PLEASURE—(At conclusion of program) Now, did you not enjoy yourself?

(Experience enters.)

EVERYONE—Sure, I enjoyed myself. That was a fine program. But now I must get to work, really. You'll excuse me, I know.

PLEASURE—Ah, always you wish to make the type-writaire go. I leave you now. But tomorrow I bring the Style Girls wiz all ze prettee dresses. Ah, magnificent (turns eyes upward in rapture and kisses finger tips.) Such prettee frocks, such prettee bonnets. You will be delight when you see zose charming girls. (Goes right. Everyone types. She returns. He stops.) So you will not forget me. (Inserts stem of rose in vase which is on piano, and places vase on desk.) There. Zis rose, I gif him to you. (Goes to right upper entrance, and blows kiss to Everyone.) Adieu. (Enter Procrastination, left entrance.)

PROCRASTINATION—Hello, Pleasure, save one of those for me.

PLEASURE—(Shakes finger at Procrastination) You lazee boy. Why you don't work, like Everyone?

PROCRASTINATION—I'd rather play with you, sweetie.

PLEASURE—Don't you sweetie me. I don't like lazee men. I like livelee men, men with lots of pepper.

PROCRASTINATION—You mean to say that I am a dead one?

PLEASURE—You too slow. Give me men who are what

you call here in America—ah—living wires—non, non—I mean alive wires. (*Goes to exit.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Say, wait a minute, Pleasure. How would you like to have a pearl?

PLEASURE—(*Comes to him and holds out hand.*) Let me see ze pearl.

PROCRASTINATION—I haven't got it yet, but I will have one soon. You know they find pearls in oyster shells.

PLEASURE—One pearl in ze hand is worth more zan a hundred in ze shell of ze oyster. (*She goes upstage. Procrastination goes down to piano and moodily attempts to pick out a tune with one finger.*)

PLEASURE—(*Calling*) Everyone.

EVERYONE—(*Turning*) What now?

PLEASURE—(*Beckons*) Come here please. I wish to ask you somesing. (*He goes upstage, where they silently engage in conversation.*)

(*Enter Success from back of house. She is a sweet, attractive young lady, and costumed in a manner to enhance her appearance. She comes down the aisle, trips lightly up the steps, takes center of stage, down, and surveys the others, who are at first unconscious of her presence. Procrastination sees her first, expresses bewildered astonishment as he rises to his feet, and hurriedly attempts to improve his appearance by brushing down his hair with his hand, straightening his tie, etc. He then moves slowly towards Success, which is the cue for Everyone to become aware of her presence. He immediately loses interest in Pleasure, and although she attempts to hold his attention, by pantomime, he leaves her abruptly and comes down to the side of Success, right. Pleasure tosses her head, and exits right.*)

SUCCESS—(*After a suitable pause*) Do you mind if I rest here a while?

PROCRASTINATION—I'll say I don't.

EVERYONE—Beg pardon, I'll get a chair.

(*Both rush backstage, Everyone to right, Procastination to left, hesitate in their selection of a suitable chair,*

glance at Success, then at settee. They eye each other suspiciously, then hurry to the settee, arriving at the same time. Rehearse this well. Each takes hold of his end of the settee, pause a moment to glare at each other, then hurry downstage and place settee carefully in position, back of Success.)

EVERYONE—Please be seated.

PROCRASTINATION — (*Ingratiating*) Something big enough for two just about suits us, don't it little girl?

SUCCESS—Thank you. (*Glances at settee.*) It is not very soft, is it?

EVERYONE—Beg pardon.

PROCRASTINATION—I'll fix it.

(*Rushing backstage, each grabs a pillow, then pause to glare at each other. Success has moved over to the piano, where she examines the music.*)

EVERYONE—Say listen, two is company and three is a crowd.

PROCRASTINATION—Yeah, if you don't like to be in a crowd, you know what you can do.

EVERYONE—She has probably come here to see me, on business or something, and the proper thing for you to do is to excuse yourself and leave.

PROCRASTINATION—Say, I thought you had no time for anything but your work. You stick to your job there and I'll entertain the lady. I have nothing else to do.

EVERYONE—No, I've changed my mind. (*Desperately.*) I'll make you a proposition. We'll both place our pillow on the settee. If she accepts mine you excuse yourself and leave. If she takes yours, I'll leave.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Thinks it over*) If she uses your pillow she's yours, and if she uses my pillow she belongs to me, is that the proposition?

EVERYONE—Yes.

PROCRASTINATION—All right, I'll go you.

(*They place the pillows on the settee, Everyone right, Procrastination left. Success comes to settee and is at first undecided. The two boys are in suspense. Success*

is facing audience, and is making her selection by glancing over her shoulders, and moving from one end of the settee to the other. Finally Success picks up both pillows, places one on top of the other in exact center of settee, and sits down.)

PROCRASTINATION—(After a pause) Great guns, she's a bigamist.

(Success smiles. During the following scene the two boys continually attempt to come near her, seating themselves on arms of settee or placing their hands on back and leaning over her. However she discourages these attempts, and makes them keep their distance by tapping them with her fan or parasol, whichever she chooses to carry.)

EVERYONE—(After an awkward pause.) Ah—nice day, isn't it?

SUCCESS—Yes indeed. (Pause, then sweetly) Do you wish to talk about it.

EVERYONE—(Hurriedly) Oh no, no. I—I was just remarking.

SUCCESS—I see.

PROCRASTINATION—Don't I look familiar to you in some way? (Attempts to sit on arm of settee and is shooed off.)

SUCCESS—Your ways are certainly familiar. (Pause.) Who are you if I may ask.

PROCRASTINATION—You wouldn't remember my name—I'm no one in particular.

SUCCESS—I can see *that*. (Pause) You don't appear very prosperous—how is the world treating you?

PROCRASTINATION—(Solemnly) Very seldom.

EVERYONE—I appreciate your coming here and giving me a chance to become better acquainted with you.

PROCRASTINATION—Ditto. That goes two ways.

SUCCESS—(To Everyone) Is that your desk? (Nods to desk.)

EVERYONE—Yes, that is where I work. I have been very busy.

SUCCESS—You *were* busy when I arrived, and seemed interested too—but not in your work.

EVERYONE—Oh, that was only Pleasure—it is impossible to keep her away—she's a harmless little creature.

(*Everyone takes photograph from pocket, and by comparison observes that it is the likeness of Success.*)

PROCRASTINATION—She can't hold a candle to *you*, Princess.

SUCCESS—(*To Procrastination*) Where's *your* desk?

PROCRASTINATION—I haven't selected any particular line of endeavor yet—just looking around.

SUCCESS—You are not afraid of work?

PROCRASTINATION—Afraid of work? I should say not. I can lie right down beside it and can go to sleep.

SUCCESS—Seriously now, why don't you attempt something worth while and be somebody in this world.

PROCRASTINATION—Easily enough said. I *have* tried—

SUCCESS—And didn't you do as well as you expected?

PROCRASTINATION—No. But then I didn't expect to. The trouble is that everytime I try to rise in life I am pushed to the bottom again.

SUCCESS—You are not *pushed*—you rattle to the bottom.

PROCRASTINATION—Rattle? What do you think I am, a tin Lizzie?

SUCCESS—Let me illustrate. If you place some little white beans and a few big black walnuts in a glass jar, mix them all up, and then shake the jar, what happens? The little beans go to the bottom and the big nuts go to the top. You can help little bean to the top a hundred times, but shake the jar and he again goes to the bottom. He is not pushed to the bottom, he rattles down, while the big nuts shake to the top. Their *size* takes them up. Therefore, if you wish to go to the top, change your size.

PROCRASTINATION—That isn't it. Some people are just naturally unlucky, while others have all the good luck.

SUCCESS—Not at all. Merely a matter of size. We'll take the glass jar again, and mix up the little beans and

the big nuts. We will then give the jar a hard bump. What happens, All the little beans go to the bottom while the big nuts go to the top. The *same* bump, but it bumped the little fellows down and bumped the big fellows up. Therefore I say, grow bigger.

EVERYONE—(*Admiringly*) You talk just like Ambition, or Experience.

PROCRASTINATION—And affect me about the same way.

SUCCESS—They are both good friends of mine.

PROCRASTINATION—Lucky dogs, I say.

EVERYONE—I have found their advice and counsel good and am following it.

SUCCESS—(*Rising*) I am taking up too much of your time, I fear. I will go.

PROCRASTINATION—Wait a minute. We've hardly got acquainted yet. I don't even know your name.

SUCCESS—Ask Experience, he will tell you. (*Moves up to left upper entrance.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Wait a minute. When will I see you again.

SUCCESS—Do you wish to meet me again and become better acquainted?

PROCRASTINATION—I'll tell the world I do.

SUCCESS—Then if you wish to know my name, and wish to win my friendship, follow the advice of my dear friend, Experience. Au revoir. (*Smiles and exits.*)

EVERYONE—Experience, she called you her very dear friend.

EXPERIENCE—That is correct.

PROCRASTINATION—Well, all I got to say is that if you're a friend of hers you're a friend of mine. Come and sit down.

(*Both boys take Experience by the arms and bring him down stage, forcing him to sit in settee, making him comfortable with cushions.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Old scout, will you put in a good word for me with that little Princess.

EXPERIENCE—Certainly I will.

PROCRASTINATION—Have a cigar. (*Gives him cigar*)

EXPERIENCE—I can help any man to win her, if he will follow my advice.

PROCRASTINATION—You can? Here have another cigar. (*Forces another cigar on him.*) All right, tell me how to go about it.

EXPERIENCE—Choose a certain line of endeavor, then work everlastingly at it.

PROCRASTINATION—*Good night.* I knew there would be a catch in it somewhere.

EVERYONE—(*Looking at photograph.*) Experience, you have not been spoofing me? This is really Success?

EXPERIENCE—Yes, and that was Success who just left.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Astonished.*) Success. Is that Success?

EXPERIENCE—Yes.

PROCRASTINATION—Great guns. No wonder people work like crazy to win Success. Well, my hat's in the ring. I'm going crazy too.

EVERYONE—Experience, if I faithfully stick to the job I have started here, and complete it, will Success be mine?

EXPERIENCE—I know of no surer way to win her.

EVERYONE—That's all I want to know. (*Goes quickly to desk, crumples up rose and newspaper clippings and throws them off stage right, rolls up sleeves, seats himself and prepares to work.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Count me in, Experience. From now on I am out to win Success.

EXPERIENCE—You will commence work immediately, I presume?

PROCRASTINATION—Not much use starting today any more—too late. I'll wait now until tomorrow. Does anybody know of a good opportunity waiting to be grasped?

EXPERIENCE—You must find your own opportunity.

PROCRASTINATION—I know what I'll do. I'll keep Everyone company. I'll bring a table and typewriter here and be all ready for opportunity when it shows up. (*Goes to left entrance*) I am going to increase my size, as sug-

gested by Success. Then instead of rattling to the bottom like a little bean, I'll be pushed to the top, like a big nut. Do you think that's possible, Experience?

EXPERIENCE—(*Emphatically*) Certainly. IT CAN BE DONE.

End of First Act.

ACT TWO

(*Everyone is still typing. He removes sheet of paper from machine, places it at his right, taking another sheet from his left and inserts it in machine. The stack of paper at his left is diminished about three-fourths to show progress that has been made.*)

(*Procrastination enters from left, carrying a folding table, a small typewriter and stationery. He erects the table down left, in front of piano, uncovers typewriter, arranges paper and lights a cigarette. Experience strolls down stage.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Well, you see I have gone to work.

EXPERIENCE—When did you start?

PROCRASTINATION—I haven't exactly started *yet*, but I am all ready to start. As soon as I run up the street and get a bite to eat, I'll be all set. (*Goes left but returns*) Say, that Success is some queen, believe me. She can put her feet under my table any time she says the word. By the hen's earrings, she's *some* doll! I wish I had grasped one of these opportunities sooner, that's what I wish.

EXPERIENCE—The trouble with a good many people who do not do as well as they might is that they have more wishbone than backbone.

PROCRASTINATION—There you go again. Say, since

you are supposed to know it all, tell me this: Is it true that two can live as cheap as one?

EXPERIENCE—As cheap as one what?

PROCRASTINATION—Aw, you know what I mean. Can two persons live as cheap as one person?

EXPERIENCE—No one wants to live cheap now days.

PROCRASTINATION—Come across with the answer.

EXPERIENCE—(*Slowly*) The attempt to prove that two can live as cheaply as one often results in the necessity of providing for three.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Thoughtfully*) I never thought of that.

EXPERIENCE—On the other hand, many people have discovered that not only *can* two live as cheaply as one, but that they *have* to.

PROCRASTINATION—Ouch. (*Staggers with hand to head.*)

EXPERIENCE—No doubt that does not apply to you, as you have probably saved some money.

PROCRASTINATION—No, I don't waste any of my money by saving it. But listen, tell me this: Does it take much to keep a woman in pin money?

EXPERIENCE—That depends upon whether her taste runs to diamond pins or to roller pins.

PROCRASTINATION—Now I know as much as I did before. Well, I'll get something to eat and then I am going to work in earnest. A fellow has got to have strength if he expects to do much work. I'll be right back. (*Pleasure enters from right*) Hello, Pleasure.

PLEASURE—Hello, lazee boy.

PROCRASTINATION—Not lazy any more. I've gone to work. See, (*indicates his desk*) that's mine.

PLEASURE—Yours? You going to work? I am surprise! What is it, are you seek?

PROCRASTINATION—Sick nothing! There's a reason.

PLEASURE—(*Goes to him*) Tell me, why for you all at once are not lazee any more.

PROCRASTINATION—I'm going to be a big nut.

PLEASURE—Big nut?

PROCRASTINATION—Yes, increase my size.

PLEASURE—What you mean?

PROCRASTINATION—I'll tell you some other time.

PLEASURE—Come, tell me now. I am curious to know.

PROCRASTINATION—You wouldn't understand.

PLEASURE—(*Thoughtfully*) There is somezing back of zis.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Mysteriously*) You have a right to be puzzled. There *is* something back of it all. (*Goes to left exit*) In other words, there's a nigger in the wood-pile. (*Exit.*)

PLEASURE—(*Puzzled*) These American expressions—zey are so funnee. (*To Experience*) Tell me, Experience, what he mean by zose words?

EXPERIENCE—What were the words that are so baffling, Pleasure?

PLEASURE—He say—wait till I zink a little—he say, zat there is a colored gentleman in ze lumber yard.

EXPERIENCE—(*Laughs*) Don't take him too seriously, Pleasure.

PLEASURE—I don't wish to take him at all. (*Goes to Everyone*) Ah, you poor boy. Always you make ze typewriter go tap-a-tap-tap.

EVERYONE—Yes, and I am tired, too.

PLEASURE—Ah, but wait. Soon ze Style Girls come. Zen you shall be entertained. Zen you take it easee.

EVERYONE—I have changed my mind, Pleasure. If it is all the same to you, I wish you would take the girls somewhere else.

PLEASURE—Somewhere else! For why? Such prettee frocks, you wish to see zem, surely. You say you are tired, you need to have some fun.

EVERYONE—I admit I need relaxation. But since you were here yesterday something of great importance has turned up—some important business matter that—er—that will require all my time.

PLEASURE—Business matter? You zink I don't know?

You are infatuated wiz Success, and don't care for Pleasoor. For her you turn me under, what, you give me ze shake?

EVERYONE—I am not turning you down. I only ask to be excused today. I am too busy.

PLEASURE—Too *busee*? (*She is getting excited*) Success will have nossing to do wiz you unless you work hard, while I, Pleasoor, require only zat you be merry. You turn me down for her. I hate her! Ah, my rose, where is he? (*Picks up vase*) What become of him, what? I know. Success come here and—

EVERYONE—(*Rises*) Here, you let Success out of this. I won't stand for anything of *that* kind.

PLEASURE—(*Quickly relenting*) Do not become angree. I be good.

EVERYONE—I am not angry, I appreciate your good intentions, of course, and there is no reason why we shouldn't be good friends, but that's all.

PLEASURE—Oh, so stern, so sober. I wish to be your friend, onlee allow my Style Girls to show you their prettee clothes, zen I shall not bozzer you no more. Surelee you have time to take a little peep at zem. Please.

EVERYONE—(*Impatiently*) Well, hurry on and have it over with.

PLEASURE—Ze girls are all ready. I tell them to come.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Entering with a few sandwiches and a bottle of milk.*) Hello, sweetie.

PLEASURE—Don't you sweetie me or I give you a slap on the face.

PROCRASTINATION—Now, now, is that the way to talk to your old friend?

PLEASURE—You sit down and be quiet. The Style Girls are coming right away.

PROCRASTINATION—Is that so? Why didn't you let me know sooner? I might have missed it. (*Places lunch on his table and sits down.*) Let 'em come. Oh boy. Hot puppy!

PLEASURE—You can go right ahead wiz your work. We will not disturb you.

PROCRASTINATION—Oh, this work can wait.

(Experience may leave stage during Style Show.)

(The Style Girls enter one at a time from right upper entrance. She walks slowly across stage and back again, then down to front center, where she poses, turns, poses again, then exits left upper entrance, to change if necessary for her to appear a second time. Arrange your show so necessary changes in costume can be made without causing delay. Rehearse your Style Show so it moves smoothly. The lines with Procrastination are said while the girl poses and turns down center, just before making her exit. If you prefer, have the girls display the styles to music, omitting all lines with Procrastination.)

(EVOLUTION OF DRESS: Schools that don't mind the trouble and extra expense, can arrange an Evolution of Dress, to be substituted for the Style Show. A few suggestions follow: Helen of Troy, draped in filmy blue; Queen Cleopatra, in shimmering metal cloth and crowned with a headdress of peacock feathers; a mediaeval queen, dressed in rose brocade, with crown and ermine-lined cloak; an Indian Princess, glittering with jewels and swathed in rare fabrics; Queen Isabelle in Spanish court dress; Queen Elizabeth in the fashion she dictated to England; Priscilla of Puritan days in her prim gray; Marie Antoinette with immense hoop skirt of deep rose satteen; Empress Josephine in the dignified Directoire mode; a belle of 1850 in wide hoop skirt, from which peeps dainty lace frilled pantalettes, a lady of 1890 or thereabout, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, prim, high collar and tiny "cabbage leaf" hat, perched on a high coiffure, a 1922 flapper, dressed in bright green sports coat and hat, swagger stick, "n everything"; her sister of 1923, very slim and straight, in clinging long-skirted black, with Russian toque and long cane. and last the latest thing at the time this play is produced. As a final episode,

show the Best Dressed Woman in the World, a Red Cross Nurse. Show the Evolution of Dress to music.)

(An easier and less expensive method of Showing the Evolution of Dress is to exhibit American costumes only, starting with an Indian maid and progressing up to the present time.)

(If desired, the Style Show or Evolution of Dress can be shown on a slightly elevated platform at rear of stage, which is revealed by raising the back drop at the beginning of the style show. Throw strong lights on the platform.)

(The following are optional lines for the Style Show: First Style Girl, after having walked across stage and back, arriving at front center, and while posing and turning.)

STYLE GIRL—*(She has an apple in her hand)* Don't you wish this was yours?

PROCRASTINATION—*(Goes to her)* Say, divide up.

STYLE GIRL—*(Holds apple back of her)* Nothing doing.

PROCRASTINATION—I'll tell you what let's do. Let's play Adam and Eve.

STYLE GIRL—Oh no I couldn't.

PROCRASTINATION—Come on. I'll tell you how. You play Eve and I'll play Adam.

STYLE GIRL—Yes.

PROCRASTINATION—First you tempt me with that apple—

STYLE GIRL—And then?

PROCRASTINATION—And then I'll fall.

STYLE GIRL—I guess not. I will do better than that. *(Breaks apple in two, picks out seed and gives it to him.)* There.

PROCRASTINATION—What'll I do with this seed?

STYLE GIRL—Plant it and have a whole tree full of apples all to yourself. *(Exit)*

(Procrastination angrily throws seed on floor and goes back to his table for a bite of lunch.)

STYLE GIRL—(*Downstage*) How do you like my dress?

PROCRASTINATION—(*Mouth full of food and without looking up*) Fine, fine. (*Goes to her and admires dress*) Say, little sunbeam, will you marry me?

STYLE GIRL—Marry you. Why my dear boy, it was only last week that I refused you.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Taking another look at her*) Oh, was that you. (*Immediately losing interest, he returns to table and resumes eating. Style Girl exits.*)

(*Enter Style Girl wearing silk dress*)

PROCRASTINATION—(*Goes to her*) Some outfit. What kind of a dress is that?

STYLE GIRL—This is a silk dress.

PROCRASTINATION—Silk dress. Wher'd you get it?

STYLE GIRL—Where do you suppose. My father gave it to me.

PROCRASTINATION—Oh, you got it from your father. Is that really silk?

STYLE GIRL—Yes, this is really silk. Isn't it wonderful when you stop to think that this silk came from an insignificant little worm.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Shocked*) Say, that's no way to talk about your father. (*Returns to table. Exit Style Girl.*)

STYLE GIRL—(*She lisps*) Aren't you Procathination?

PROCRASTINATION—The culprit pleads guilty.

STYLE GIRL—Don't you remember me. My name is Ellen Thloan.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Imitating her lisp*) Ellen Thloan?

STYLE GIRL—No, I thaid Ellen Thloan.

PROCRASTINATION—That's what I said, Thloan.

STYLE GIRL—(*Spelling*) Eth-l-o-a-n.

PROCRASTINATION—Oh, Sloan.

STYLE GIRL—Yeth.

PROCRASTINATION—Tom Thloan'th thithter?

STYLE GIRL—Yeth.

PROCRASTINATION—Sure I remember you. I met you at a party last summer.

STYLE GIRL—Yeth. And don't you remember how we thneaked away from the retht and went walking along the bank of the thtream in the moonlight. Wathn't it romantic.

PROCRASTINATION—I'll thay it wath. And don't you remember, I learnt you how to—

STYLE GIRL—No, you didn't *learn* me.

PROCRASTINATION—You say I didn't learn you how to—

STYLE GIRL—Of courthe not. How thilly. You didn't *learn* me. You *taught* me.

PROCRASTINATION—Oh gee, what's the differnce.

STYLE GIRL—One ith good Englith and the other ithn't. Wher'th your *gramma*! where'th your *gramma*?

PROCRASTINATION—(*Astonished*) Why, my *gramma* is at home with my *grandpa*. (*Goes to table. She makes her exit.*)

(*Another Style Girl enters. Procrastination remains seated.*)

PROCRASTINATION—Hello there, peaches, what's your name?

STYLE GIRL—My name is Hazel.

PROCRASTINATION—Hazel?

STYLE GIRL—Yes, Hazel.

PROCRASTINATION—(*To audience*) Ye gods, a whole almanac full of girl's names, and her parents name her after a *nut*. (*Goes to her*) You look kinda good to me.

STYLE GIRL—I am sorry that I cannot say the same.

PROCRASTINATION—Don't you like me at all?

STYLE GIRL—I like you, but that *is* all.

PROCRASTINATION—Don't you think that in time you could learn to love me?

STYLE GIRL—I don't know. Perhaps I might. I remember distinctly having once disliked *cabbage*, but eventually I acquired a taste for it. (*Exit. Another enters.*)

STYLE GIRL—(*Observing Procrastination, who regis-*

ters dislike of the milk he is drinking.) Doesn't it taste right?

PROCRASTINATION—No, I believe some one hit this cow with a sour lemon. (*Smells of bottle*) This milk isn't pure.

STYLE GIRL—To the pure all things are pure.

PROCRASTINATION—You evidently heard Experience say that. (*Goes to her*) Well, if it isn't one of my former sweethearts.

STYLE GIRL—Yes. There was a time when you expressed undying affection for me, and now—

PROCRASTINATION—(*Extravagantly*) Right now my brain is on fire for love of you.

STYLE GIRL—Huh, I thought I detected an odor of burning wood.

PROCRASTINATION—That's a hot one, Come on, let's make up.

STYLE GIRL—No, I am through with you. I admire men of courage.

PROCRASTINATION—When have I ever shown a yellow streak?

STYLE GIRL—The day we were strolling through a field, and a ferocious bull pursued us. You deserted me—you ran away—although you had frequently boasted that you would face *death* for me.

PROCRASTINATION—Yes, but you see—this here bull wasn't *dead*.

STYLE GIRL—When threatened by danger keep your head. Above all things, keep cool.

PROCRASTINATION—Cool! *Cool!* Say, in times of great danger I am so *cool* I *shiver!*

STYLE GIRL—*Coward!* (*Exits. Procrastination follows her off.*)

PLEASURE—(*Comes to center of stage*) We have seen many prettee costumes, but there is yet one more, the last. There will now come the Best Dressed Woman in the World.

(*Enter girl dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross*

Nurse. She comes slowly down to front center, bows and smiles to the audience, and makes her exit at left.)

(Everyone has neglected his work more and more as the Style Show has progressed, in admiration of the girls and their clothes. Towards the end, as he has relaxed, Pleasure has seated herself on desk, right of Everyone, with her back to audience, carelessly moving aside manuscript to make room. Occasionally she leans over and speaks to Everyone, with her face close to his. He smiles and replies.)

PLEASURE—(Arising) Now, was not the frocks, the coats, the furs (or whatever they were) prettee?

EVERYONE—I'll say they were. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

PLEASURE—Now, what shall we do tomorrow?

EVERYONE—(Hesitates, glancing at typewriter) Tomorrow again?

PLEASURE—Why not? I like you, and you enjoy my company, do you not?

EVERYONE—Yes, but I have other things to do.

PLEASURE—(Romantically) Nossing is of importance except zat you and I love each other.

EVERYONE—Oh, no, Pleasure, you are going entirely too far. You are taking things for granted. I have not said that I love you, nor asked for your love!

PLEASURE—But you like me, non?

EVERYONE—You are a friend of mine, and like a good friend I want you to leave me now to my work.

PLEASURE—I *hate* your work. Why mus' you work all the time?

EVERYONE—Because in no other way can I win Success.

PLEASURE—I make everysing nice for you. I entertain you. I play wis you. And now you give me ze cool shoulder! I will not stand for it.

EVERYONE—Don't get excited, Pleasure.

PLEASURE—I get as much excite as I wish. And why not, when you throw me down for zis sillee work? (Goes to right of desk, takes a few sheets of completed manuscript and tears it in two.)

EVERYONE—(*Rising and attempting to prevent the destruction of his manuscript*) Stop it! That's enough of this. (*Points left, angrily*) You get out of here, and stay away. Now, since I have found you out, I am through with you. Clear out!

PLEASURE—(*Remains standing right of desk, with hands on hips*) So, you wish to get rid of me! I entertain you, I amuse you, and now you wish to get rid of me so you can win Success. It is to laugh! They say you work hard and zen you win Success. But most people work hard all zeyr lives, and yet zey do not win Success. You win Success, *maybee!* You make me seek!

EVERYONE—No matter what *you* say, I am determined to win Success, and nothing shall prevent me.

PLEASURE—(*Mocking*) Is zat so? You say nossing shall prevent you. I show you. (*Snatches up all of completed manuscript and darts out of his reach to front of desk. He attempts to reach her, but she keeps the desk between them.*)

EVERYONE—(*Angrily*) Hand that over. Don't you dare to destroy my life work! You little devil! (*He darts after her, right of desk. She evades him, running swiftly up to left exit, where she turns and stops him with a gesture, about center of stage.*)

PLEASURE—Stop! It is useless to pursue. You can never catch me. If you wish to win Success you will have to start all over again. Zis work here (*holds up manuscript*) has been wasted. It is flooie! I keep him. But when you are not angry at me any more, come to me if you wish, and I amuse you again. But zis (*holding aloft manuscript*) you will never get back. Adieu. (*Blow's kiss and exits quickly.*)

(*Everyone stands irresolute for a moment, then turns, goes slowly to desk, places the cover on the typewriter, sadly studies photograph of Success for a moment before placing it face down on desk, and sits dejectedly at desk with head in hands. He is discouraged and has given up.*)

Experience observes him and smiles, shaking his head. Enter Ambition briskly.)

AMBITION—Hello, what's this? I expected to find you engaged at your work. What has happened?

EVERYONE—I have failed.

AMBITION—The only man who has failed is the man who believes it.

EVERYONE—How can I do otherwise than believe it? I tried hard and was doing well, but Procrastination disturbed me, and Pleasure and her friends came along and amused me to such an extent that I neglected my work, forgot Success for the moment. Then, when I tried to get rid of Pleasure she became jealous and destroyed all the work I had already accomplished. Everything is ruined. I have failed I tell you.

AMBITION—My boy, you are unnecessarily discouraged. What does one little failure amount to? It's not the worst thing to fail if you have done your best and tried. Of course, it is humiliating to admit that the best you could do was to fail. Try again! Never give up! Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such words as "can't" or "give up"; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him.

EVERYONE—Those words are not very encouraging to a man who has been thrown by a bucking broncho and is lying in the dust.

AMBITION—Get up and *ride* the horse that threw you. The man who gives up on the first down never gets anywhere. He admits fear of the difficulty and lack of confidence in himself—two elements present in every absolute failure. To have the courage to mount again, knowing the risk, but better prepared to meet it, is half way to successful accomplishment. It isn't mastering the horse that really counts; it is the strengthened will power of the conquerer, and the inward joy of having accomplished the undertaking in spite of all opposition. Any man who

has never been thrown, is riding with a slack rein, a loose knee, and a false sense of security. According to all the laws of average and specific gravity, what goes up must come down—but no man needs to stay down.

EVERYONE—(*Rises*) You are right, of course. I felt discouraged for a moment, I admit—who wouldn't, but I have no intention of giving up. I am going to see this through. (*Picks up photo and gazes at it.*)

AMBITION—That's right. I knew you were made of better stuff than to quit. You have grit. The world wants men with the clear grit of Paul Jones who, when surrender was demanded, audaciously replied: "Surrender! I have just begun to fight." Grit enabled Benjamin Franklin to dine on a small loaf in the printing office with a book in his hand; it kept George Stephenson at work fifteen years in building his first locomotive. Fulton's grit pushed the Claremont up the Hudson amid the jeers of the multitude; Edison's grit chained electricity to the uses of man. The difference between the great and the insignificant is a purpose fixed, then death or victory. No talent, no circumstances, no opportunities will win Success without the indefinable quality called grit. Grit helped Lincoln, Grant and Garfield on their hard journeys from the railsplitting, the tannery and the towpath to the White House. Give a meaning to your life. Resolve to live nobly. Don't be a dead leaf that falls upon the stream and is carried along by the eddying current on which it floats. Don't take your cue from others. Take your place with men who have dared to be singular. Run with the crowd and you will count for nothing. Any dead fish can swim with the tide. Swim off, don't wait for anybody to put a cork under you.

EVERYONE—(*Takes cover off of typewriter*) After hearing you talk, Ambition, I am ready and willing to start all over again. I'll win that charming little girl after all.

AMBITION—Of course you will. There is no doubt about it. But wait, Success will be here in a moment. She wishes to speak to you.

EVERYONE—Coming here? Am I to meet Success?

AMBITION—Yes.

(Popularity enters hurriedly from audience, down aisle, timing his entrance so he will reach stage at end of last speech. He ascends steps and hurries to right exit, where is he stopped by Ambition calling to him.)

AMBITION—Wait, Popularity. You are passing us by as if we were strangers.

POPULARITY—Beg pardon, but I haven't got time to stop. I have just been informed that a citizens' committee will call at my office in a few minutes to request permission to place my name on their ticket as a candidate for city alderman from the fourth ward. This will be a grand opportunity to get my name before the people and gain publicity. It pays. See you later.. *(Turns to depart)*

AMBITION—Wait. Success will be here in a moment. Don't you wish to meet her?

POPULARITY—Some other time perhaps—after the election I will have more time. I am very sorry, but I cannot remain a minute. After the election I will meet Success. *(Departs.)*

(Enter Procrastination from left, whistling and proceeds to pack up his typewriter and table during the following lines.)

EXPERIENCE—Have you given up?

PROCRASTINATION—I have given up *this*. Another opportunity has knocked at my door, and I am going to grasp it.

EXPERIENCE—I am interested. Tell us about it.

PROCRASTINATION—Well, I suppose you noticed the last Style girl, the one I left with. She is a former sweetheart of mine. We had a little misunderstanding, but now we have kissed and made up.

EXPERIENCE—And the opportunity?

PROCRASTINATION—I am coming to that. Listen, that girl is worth one hundred thousand in her own name. Do you get me—one hundred thousand iron men. How is that for an opportunity?

EXPERIENCE—The man who marries for money usually earns it.

PROCRASTINATION—(*Exasperated*) There you go again and spoil everything. I might have known you'd pull something like that. (*Goes to left exit.*)

AMBITION—But Success will be here in a moment. Don't you wish to meet her?

PROCRASTINATION—Naw. Do you know what she wanted me to do? Wanted me to increase my size and be a big nut. I won't be a nut for anybody. (*Exit left.*)

(*Enter Success from right.*)

SUCCESS—Hello, Experience. How are you, Ambition. (*Giving each her hand.*)

EXPERIENCE—Hello, Success.

AMBITION—I am glad to see you again, Success.

SUCCESS—(*Turning to Everyone*) How is my friend Everyone?

EVERYONE—I am delighted to hear that I am your friend.

SUCCESS—Why not? How is the work progressing?

EVERYONE—Not so good, and not so bad. I have been delayed a little.

SUCCESS—I am sorry.

EVERYONE—But I am still going strong. I haven't quit.

SUCCESS—That pleases me very much. If you have not lost courage after delays and discouragements, then you are making good. And if you are making good, then Success shall be yours. (*Gives him her hand.*) I am glad to be your friend.

EVERYONE—Thank you.

EXPERIENCE—Allow me to congratulate you, Everyone. You have done well. The play is now ended. You will go out into the world and reenact the scenes of tonight. You will have your failures, but you will rise again, and will finally win Success, knowing that it can be done.

(CURTAIN.)



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